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New Advertisements.

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USE B. A. FARRER'S VERMONT Ask your Doctor or Druggist for Sweet Gum, which is a cure for all skin diseases, and only by F. STEARNS, Clinton, Detroit.

Great Sun-Shop. AROMATIC VEGETABLE SOAP. COLGATE & CO'S TOILET SOAPS.

Notice below the opinions of several eminent physicians, as well as practical and discerning men in regard to the utility of sewing machines. There is not an invention of this century which has done more to improve the condition of the human race than the sewing machine. No family ought to be deprived of its benefits.—*New York Independent*.

They will force the industry of women into a thousand new channels, and disengage her from the cramped position and slow starvation of needle work. Ultimately nearly every comfortable household will have its sewing machine.—*New York Tribune*.

Your admirable needle woman is the only seamstress that defies extortionate men. They cannot cheat, nor starve it, nor deprive it of sleep, nor die it out, nor make its hands weary. It is a wonder that it is not made for the most unweary and unobtrusive manufacturer. At last a machine that cannot be overworked in suffering.—*New York Tribune*.

"Click, click, click, Merry, merrily and free Click, click, click, I'm a merry maid to me. With bodice trim and neat, I seem, and guest, and host, With my dainty slipped feet, And a small, white fingered hand, Such to the light of the steel, And never an aching head, While I turn the gliding wheel, With the silver gliding thread, O woman! no more a slave, To gossip, and waste, and hand, Shall beautiful gown, and brave In the light of this happy land!"

"New American," "Gold Medal," "Weed," "Home Shuttle," "Bartlett," "Globe," "Wilcox & Gibbs," Sewing Machines.

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Card Photographs, Tin Types and all sizes, cheaper than any other in the County. We have a large assortment of STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS, NIAGARA, and other scenery, consisting of some of the best views in the world, which will be sold from \$1 to \$2.00 per dozen.

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Barton, June 1, 1869. J. N. WEBSTER.

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Ripe Wheat.

We bent to-day over a cornfield, and our ears felt so heavy down. We looked out last on the aged face, With its look of peace, its patient grace, And hair like a silver crown.

We touched our own to the clay-cold hands. From life's long labor at rest; And among the blossoms, white and sweet, We noted a bunch of golden wheat, Clipped close to the silent breast.

The blossoms whispered of fidelity bloom, Of a hand where fall no trace, The ripe wheat told of toil and care, The patient waiting, the trusting prayer, The garnered good of the years.

We knew not what work her hands had found, What rugged places her feet; What rose with dew, what blackness of night; We saw but the peace, the blossoms white, And the bunch of ripened wheat.

As each goes up from the fields of earth, Bearing the treasures of life, Good looks for some general grain of good, From the harvest that shining stood, But waiting the reaper's knife.

Then labor well, that in death you go Not only with blossoms sweet, But with the peace, the blossoms white, And dead, dry husks of the wasted years, But laden with golden wheat.

JOSH BILLINGS INSURES HIS LIFE.—I am sure the knothole knave that life was so unkind that the only way for me to stand a fair chance with other folks was to get my life insured, and so called on the agent of the Garden Angel Life Insurance Company, and answered the following questions which were put to me over top of a pair of gold spectacles, by a little, round, fat, old fellow, with a little, round, gray head, and as pretty a little nose as any man ever owned.

QUESTIONS: 1. Are you male or female? If so, state how long you have been so. 2. Are you subject to fits, and if so, do you have more than one at a time? 3. What is your precise fitting waist? 4. Did you ever have any anasthetics, and if so, how much? 5. What is your legal opinion on the constitutionality of the ten commandments? 6. Do you ever have any mistresses, or are you a bachelor? 7. Do you believe in a future state? If you do state it. 8. What are your private sentiments about a rush or rats the head—can it be dead successfully? 9. Did you ever commit suicide, and if so, how did it seem to you effect you? 10. Did you ever have the measles, if so, how many? After answering the above questions like a man on the conformation, the little, fat old fellow, with gold spectacles on, and I was insured for life, and probably will die as for a term of years. I thanked him and smiled one of my most pensive smiles.

MASTER SCRIMP'S COMPOSITION.—Ma is mother. I am her son. Ma's name is Mrs. Scrump, she is the wife of Mr. Scrump, and Mr. Scrump is her husband. Pa is my husband. My name is John Washington Scrump. Pa's name is Scrump too, and so is Ma's.

My ma has a ma. She is my grand-ma. She is mother-in-law to pa. My pa says mother-in-laws ought to be voted. I like my grand-ma better than pa does. She brings me ten cents stamps and dollars. She don't bring any to pa. Maybe that's why he don't like her.

Aunt Jerusha is my aunt. When pa was a little boy she was his sister. I like my sister, Dickey Mopps has a little sister. Her name is Rose. I take her out riding on my sled. Aunt Jerusha don't like her. She calls her "that Mopps girl." I think Aunt Jerusha ought to be ashamed of herself.

Aunt Jerusha lives with us. Sometimes I think ma had rather have her live with somebody else. I asked Aunt Jerusha once why she did not marry somebody and set up for herself. She said that many and many a man had wanted to marry her, but while her poor Susan Jane was in such a state of health she couldn't think of leaving! Besides she said, what would become of your poor pa?

Aunt Jerusha sometimes has a state of health too. On washing days, she has the headache, and does her head up in brown paper and vinegar, and I have to make toast for her at the kitchen fire; and I make some for myself, too.

Aunt Jerusha says that nobody knows what she is doing for that boy. That boy's name is I. I told pa what she said. He said it was just so; nobody did know. Ma said that Aunt Jerusha means well, and that she's pa's dear sister. I don't see why she'd say that any reason she should always scold me when I eat cabbage with a knife.

While Thad Stevens was a young lawyer, he once had a case before a bad tempered Judge of an obscure Pennsylvania Court. Under what he considered a very erroneous ruling, it was decided against him; whereupon he threw down his books and picked up his hat in a high state of indignation, and was about to leave the court room, scattering imprecations all around him. The Judge straightened himself to his full height, assumed an air of offended majesty, and asked Thad if he meant "to express his contempt for this Court?" Thad, turned to him very deferentially, made a respectful bow, and replied, in amazement: "Express my contempt for this Court! No, sir! I am trying to conceal it, your Honor," adding as he turned to leave, "but I find it d-d hard to do."

Mr. C. was in the habit of asking the children to repeat the text on their return from church, to prove that they gave attention. One Sabbath the text was, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." Charley came and was asked to repeat the text. He hesitated a moment, and then as it had just come into his mind after much thought, he said:—"What are you standing about doing nothing for? Go into my barnyard and go to work, and I'll make it all right with you."

The Utica Observer says: "There are 843,895,437,795,429,675,554,229,137,000 flies this year than last by actual count."

W. M. JOLLY & SONS.—Apothecaries and Wholesale Druggists, Barton, Vt.

Turning the Tables.

Breakfast had just been cleared away, and the little sitting room was very bright and cheerful in the yellow glow of April sunshine. There were pots of purple-blossomed violets in the window seat, and a blue-ribboned guitar lying on the sofa, and books piled on the table, and close by the fire Mrs. Haven had seated herself with her desk to write some letters.

She was a trim, compact little woman, with bright brown hair, and eyes to match, and a resolute mouth that somehow carried out the expression of a nose that our French neighbors phrase "vieux." Mary Haven had character—that you might see at a glance.

As she sat there selecting her pen, and unscrewing the silver top of her inkstand the door opened very softly, and a round, full-mooned face appeared.

"Mrs. Haven, when will you please?" "Yes," said Mrs. Haven, desecrating at once by the inflexible barometer of a woman's ear the rising thunderstorm in the domestic atmosphere. "What is it now?"

"It's not that you are a kind mistress, Mary," said the cook twisting the high collar of her apron, "but wages is good, not to say company is allowed once a week, and Sunday evenings always out, but there are some things flesh and blood can't stand, no more can't, and I ain't no patient to such doings, and if you please to suit yourself men, at a month's warning."

"Why can't you be the matter?" "Some can abide meddle with men, and some can't—and if the barrel of mackerel sets on the wrong corner, and the sugar boxes ain't kept covered proper, it's the mistress should tell me, and not the master, and if Mr. Haven wants me to cook meen, well and good, but I won't stay in the same kitchen!"

And cook founced out, maltreating her apron, having had her say. Mrs. Haven flushed scarlet. She rose and went down stairs to the cellar, where her husband, minus his coat, was endeavoring to move a huge washing machine.

"You see Bridget," he called out, "this is the worst possible place the thing could stand in, and—why Mrs. Haven, is it you?"

"Yes, it is," said Mrs. Haven, "I thought you had gone to your office, Henry."

"I am going presently," said Mr. Haven, "but you see Mary, everything down here is at sixes and sevens. It's well I come down occasionally. Cook has no more economy than a wild savage, and Bridget puts everything precisely where it shouldn't be. My denning look you over the grocer's bill for a month."

"No, I haven't," said Mrs. Haven. "Well, it's quite alarming. There must be a leak somewhere—and that reminds me—the molasses keg is dripping at the rate of half a pint a day."

Bridget and cook stood by, murmuring dark discontent. Mrs. Haven was more annoyed than she cared to express.

"I will see to it," she said. "You don't see to it my dear! I found a box of stale eggs on the top shelf—eggs my dear, that are completely wasted when eggs are five cents a dozen!"

Mrs. Haven turned and went up stairs again with a round red spot glowing on either cheek—signal pennons of the disturbance within. She was not a faultless angel, any more than other women are, and she was very much out of temper, as she walked up and down stairs, and her hands behind her, and the brown eyes glittering with an ominous sparkle.

"Mary, have you seen my memorandum-book?" asked her husband, as he entered pulling on his gloves.

"No, I haven't. Probably you will find it on the pantry shelf, or under Bridget's washing machine," answered Mary shortly.

"Now, you are out of temper," said Mr. Haven good humoredly, "and how very unreasonable that is of you."

"Henry," said Mrs. Haven, laying one hand appealingly on his shoulder, and looking up into his face, "you don't know how it mortifies and annoys me to have you interfere in my domestic affairs!"

"Aren't you a firm, Henry Haven & Wife?" he asked coolly, "and are not our interests identical?"

"Yes; but Henry Haven has his department, and his wife ought to have hers."

"That's all nonsense, my love."

"Henry, will you oblige me by leaving these domestic concerns to my own management?"

"I would do so much to oblige you, my dear Mary, but I shall not concede to you the privilege of leaving me in front of my gate, with both hands in my pockets. He looked up as Harry Haven entered.

"Well, old fellow!"

"Suppose we clear up the business about that Central Park lot?" said Mr. Haven carelessly. "I don't think I can do better."

"Your decision comes rather late," said Mr. Jordan slugging his shoulder. "I signed over to Smith & Parker half an hour ago."

"And by whose authority?"

"Mr. Haven's brow was darkening. Mrs. Haven's. She was here a little while since, and told me you would not take the lot."

Mr. Haven bit his lip; this was a little bit provoking. He left the room, and came to a Sunday on a Sunday estate office abruptly, and went directly to his own place.

But had not been pretty tolerably certain of the number he would have recognized the rooms. Two men were on their knees diligently hammering down the lathed buff cloth. Jack, the office boy, had turned the stove round, so that its iron elbow projected into your face very much as if he would have said, "Take my arm!" and Mrs. Haven sat at her desk, sorting and arranging papers with industry worthy of a more legitimate career.

She glanced at her watch, and then rang the bell.

Her bonnet and shawl were on long before the ladies arrived, and the employer's surprise time in jolting down various addresses from the directory.

When at length the carriage arrived, she took her seat with the self-possession of a queen.

"Drive to Kirtwyn & Daley's N.—street."

Mr. Kirtwyn came to his office door, a dried-up little lawyer, much astonished at the apparition of a pretty woman in a carriage.

"Good morning, Mr. Kirtwyn," said Mary calmly. "I am Mrs. Haven. I called to let you know that you could have the house in Twelfth street for a thousand dollars a year. I suppose you are aware that the property belongs to me."

Mr. Kirtwyn bowed low, delighted with the "bargain" he was about to secure.

"And now drive to Mr. McAllister's carpet store," said Mrs. Haven.

She walked in with self-possession. Mr. Haven had concluded to take the buff oil cloth, she said.

Mr. McAllister stared, but he entered the order in his books.

"Now for the tailor," thought Mary. Snipe and Scissors had an elegant establishment on a side street, just out of Broadway. Mary calmly walked up to the counter.

"Henry Haven's bill receipted if you please."

The tailor presented the document, which was promptly paid.

"Where now, ma'am?" said the driver.

"Mr. Jordan's Real Estate Agency, opposite — street."

"Ah, Mrs. Haven, is it you?" said the agent cheerfully. "What can I do to serve you this morning?"

"Nothing, thanks," said Mary, graciously.

I came round to tell you that my husband has thought best to take the Central park lot. He will not take half."

"All right," said Jordan. "Smythe and Walker are only waiting for the chance. I'll let them know immediately."

"I don't think I have done quite much enough," said Mary to herself. "I'll go down to the office now and turn the stove round, and have Jack rearrange the law-books."

So the carriage left Mrs. Haven at her husband's office in a narrow, down town street.

About one hour subsequently, Mr. Haven summoned into the establishment of Kirtwyn & Daley.

"About that Twelfth street lease, Mr. Kirtwyn?"

"Yes, sir," said the lawyer, rubbing his hands; "a thousand dollars is a very fair price, sir. I don't mean to let you have a cent short of fifteen hundred."

The lawyer looked amazed.

"Mrs. Haven was here this morning, and told me it was her property, and I would have it for a thousand dollars."

"Mrs. Haven" echoed the astounded husband, "but read you know this is quite unbusinesslike!"

"I don't know whether it is or not," replied the lawyer stiffly. "I only know that Mrs. Haven spoke before witnesses, and that the property is undeniably hers."

Henry Haven retreated from the field, equipped but not victorious.

"It's all right, sir; the oil cloth is half down by this time."

"The buff pattern, sir; cheap goods. Mrs. Haven was here and ordered it some time since."

"The mischief she did!"

"I hope there is no mistake, sir," asked the lawyer, anxiously.

"N—," returned honest Henry, disconsolately; adding to himself, as he turned away, "What has got into Mary? Is she crazed?"

All things considered, it was not strange that Mr. Haven was not in a very amiable humor by the time he reached the sanctum of Snipe & Scissors.

"I'd like to know what you mean by sending home such garments?" he demanded imperiously. "I won't wear 'em unless they are made over completely—nor will I pay the bill!"

"Sir? demanded the surprised tailor, in the face of which Mr. Haven's alteration after that our rule is."

"Very well, your bill isn't settled, and it won't be, either, in a hurry."

"Mrs. Haven paid it, sir, this morning," said the tailor referring to his books.

Mrs. Haven! How the uncalled for performance of Mrs. Haven startled him in the face of that bill! Of course there was no remonstrance to be made, and the discomfited husband left the establishment.

"I'll stop in at Mr. Jordan's, anyway, he thought, and secure that lot. It will be a capital speculation."

Mr. Jordan was standing whistling in front of his gate, with both hands in his pockets. He looked up as Harry Haven entered.

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Where are my law-books?" "Oh, I put them in the closet, the bindings were so dingy, and the dictionaries and handbooks look so much brighter."

"Mary, are you crazy? Is it scarcely becoming for a woman thus to usurp her husband's place?"

"We are firm, my dear, at least so you told me this morning—Henry Haven & wife—and therefore our interests are identical!"

"Yes, but—"

"Consequently," went on Mary, mimicking her husband's rather pompous voice of the morning, "I shall beg the privilege of interfering whenever I deem it advisable."

Henry Haven